successes from france..
Carnet de Bal
Révillon
PARIS FRANCE
JAN AUVIGNE 38

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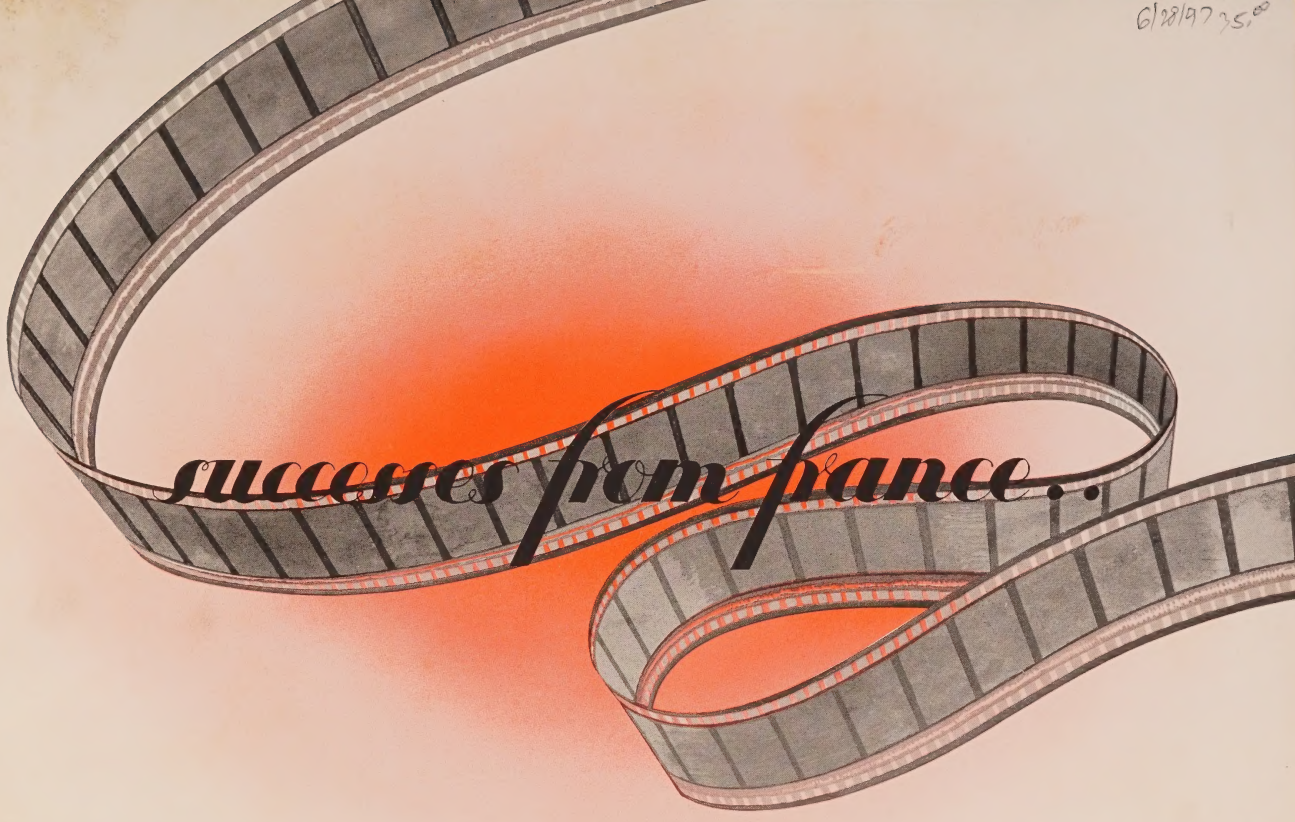

Gentlemen,

FRANCE has for a great many years past supplied the world with the finest perfumes, the smartest fashions, the choicest wines and now France delivers to the world outstanding and refined entertainment in the form of elaborate motion pictures produced in France.

France, as you know, is the country in Europe which still enjoys a total liberty and freedom of expression. The pictures we are going to send you, being produced in France, are a mirror of the France which has given so much of its spirit and imagination to the whole world.

Until now the outstanding French pictures were exclusively shown, in the English speaking countries, in the capitals like London or New York, and some of them have enjoyed a tremendous success. They were accepted as being of an equal quality and of the same deep-moving interest as those figuring among outstanding Hollywood productions.

We are endeavouring now to somewhat change the manner in which such pictures are released, inasmuch as this change has been demanded by the public itself.

On the occasion of the opening of "LIFE DANCES ON" (UN CARNET DE BAL) in London, a small-town reporter wrote :

" Why should provincial filmgoers be denied the pleasure of seeing such wonderful foreign pictures, unless they " happen to be staying in town when they are being shown ? Why do not exhibitors play such pictures, which " are made perfectly intelligible with the English superimposed dialogue, in every provincial city, thus bringing " fresh material to programs composed at present only of pictures produced in Hollywood ? "

And now, after the opening of "LIFE DANCES ON" in New York, American reviewers write :

" I can only say that I would not dream of comparing "Life Dances On" with anything less than "Snow White " and the Seven Dwarfs", "Captains Courageous" or "The Life of Emile Zola".

Howard Barnes, New York Herald Tribune, April 3,1938.

" . . .We'll say no more about this film than this : it goes on our ten-best list this year if we have to toss four " colossals out to make room for it. And don't let the fact that the dialogue is in French keep you away; the " captions and the performances tell you all you need to know. "

Frank S. Nugent, New York Times, March 26,1938.

" It is brilliantly told and studded with joyous humor and superb characterizations, and played to utter " perfection. "

William Boehnel, World-Telegram, March 28,1938.

This is the big moment for Mr. Exhibitor :

We are offering quality and not quantity; and the quality of a few pictures, superbly written, magnificently directed by world-famous directors, and played to perfection by outstanding actors, will prove of universal appeal.

These pictures are specially selected for the English-speaking countries of the world, and inasmuch as we are ourselves limiting our offer to a few pictures of refined quality, we do not doubt that we will be able to do continuous business with you, to our mutual satisfaction. Certainly your patrons will thank you for having followed our suggestions.

Ltd

FAMOUS FOREIGN FEATURES

RELEASED THROUGH

COLUMBIA PICTURES CORPORATION

JAN AUVIGNE

Life dances on

"UN

DIRECTED BY

JULIEN DUVIV

FROM
AN ORIGINAL SCENARIO
BY
JULIEN DUVIVIER

FEATURING
(IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER)

HARRY BAUR
MARY BELL
PIERRE BLANCHAR
FERNANDEL
LOUIS JOUVET
RAIMU
FRANÇOISE ROSAY
P.-RICHARD WILLM

FRENCH DIALOGUE
BY
HENRI JEANSON

MUSICAL SCORE
BY
M. JAUBERT

CARNET DE BAL"

MARY BELL

HARRY BAUR

FRANÇOISE ROSAY

PIERRE BLANCHA

A STORY, cynical, moving, enchanting, and disenchanted, of lost youth and first love deliberately re-encountered.

A widow of thirty-four or five finds, among her late husband's papers, the dance program of her first ball. Its memory, clothed in illusory idyllic romance, decides her to seek out the half dozen men whose names are written there, and who, nearly twenty years before, had sworn to love her all their lives. She sets out, and finds what one might expect.

The first is dead. He had, in fact, committed suicide when she made her ambitious but ill-judged marriage with another man. But his mother, played with the discreetest and most dreadful hint of madness by Francoise Rosay, still lays his place at the dinner table still puts fresh flowers in his room, with its boyish untidiness, its twenty year old calendar, its half burnt cigarette, and still awaits his evening return.

The second, a young lawyer, is now proprietor of a dubious sort of night-club and is about to serve a second term in prison. Louis Jouvet stamps his own ironical personality firmly on this scene.

The third, once a distinguished musician, she finds in a monastery, reasonably happy as a boys' choir-master; a portrait firmly drawn by Harry Baur, not the white and sickly "aquarelle" one might fear, but authentic, rich, mellow and sufficiently cynical.

The fourth, an unquenchable optimist from the "Midi," who was going to be president of the Republic, with a huge fortune and an unlimited choice of beautiful women, found that "the sun came out" and he lingered on the road to his ambitions; but he is mayor, nevertheless, of his little town, President of everything except the Republic —of the bowling club, of the local band, of the Society of Ex-Presidents; and he is about to marry his cook, does, in fact, conduct the ceremony himself, and reads himself an "extempore" congratulatory address into the bargain. Raimu, true son of the "Midi," can be trusted with this richly comic scene.

The fifth man, tracked down in a dreadful apartment on the Marseilles waterfront, is a broken-down doctor with a dubious practice, wracked by epilepsy and nagged by a hideous shrew of a mistress whom, at the end of an exacerbating but discreetly contrived scene, we see him preparing to murder.

It is a part exactly suited to the highly individual talents of Pierre Blanchar.

The sixth man, a handsome Alpine guide played by P. Richard Willm, almost reincarnates the lost ideal of her youth but she soon finds out that he too has changed — his love is now given to the huge snow-clad mountains where he once sought refuge and consolation.

The final anti-climax is the young widow's return to her home town, where the last man, now a domesticated and unpretentious little hairdresser, takes her to another ball, and confronts her idealised memory with the cruel and absurd reality. Fernandel invests this gay sequence with irresistible charm and humor.

Sufficiently disillusioned, the young widow (Marie Bell) returns to her Italian villa, and finds on her doorstep the solution of her problem—the son of the man among them all she loved most, but who is now dead. She will devote herself to this young boy—now she has a purpose in life. She takes him to his first ball.

"A first ball," she tells him, as they leave together, "is as important as a first cigarette."

—H. G. W.

Press underlines our successes!

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1938

ON THE SCREEN

By Howard Barnes

"Life Dances On"—Belmont

"LIFE DANCES ON" ("Un Carnet de Bal"), a screen drama, written and directed by Julien Duvivier, with dialogue by Henri Jeanson, Jean Sarment and Bernard Zimmer, produced at the Studios Francois Tim in France and presented at the Belmont Theatre with the following cast:

Alain Regnault (the monk)..... Harry Baur
Christine ..... Marie Bell
Dr Thierry ..... Pierre Blanchar
Fabien (the hairdresser)..... Louis Jouvet
Jo (the night-club owner)..... Raimu
Francois Paluzet (the mother)..... Francoise Rosay
Madame Audis (the Alpine guide)..... Pierre-Richard Willm
Eric Irvin (the Alpine guide)..... Robert Lynen
and
Jacques (the young boy)..... Robert Lynen

THERE have been no exaggerations in the advance reports that "Life Dances On" was not only one of the finest films ever made in France, but a truly great motion picture. Not since "La Kermesse Heroique" came to town, have local film-goers been privileged to see a screen work from abroad of such breadth, power and exquisite artistry as the new offering at the Belmont. Written and staged by Julien Duvivier, who has few ranking colleagues among directors today, and superbly acted, it affords one of those rare emotional experiences which fortify one's faith in the screen, in spite of all the cinema's banalities. It cuts to the quick of human experience with an extraordinary range of mood and dramatic excitement. Although it is episodic in form, each of its segments is presented with such imagination and authority that it is continually and hauntingly entertaining.

M. Duvivier has chosen a more or less 'tricky' device to implement the action. It is the "carnet de bal" of the French title, the dance program of a formal ball, which sends a middle-aged widow on a perilous quest of her lost youth and her lost loves. Her encounters with the partners of her first ball make up the rich texture of the film. They are tragic, humorous and melodramatic in turn. Without condemning direction and perfect portrayals they might easily have emerged in a random and dislocated screen pattern. As it is, they hang together in a profoundly moving unity. Over and above the separate passages of the plot there is a brooding preoccupation with the ultimate verities which sets the film apart as one of the most fascinating and successful attempts to bring life wholly, terrifying and splendid to the screen. "Life Dances On" is a magnificent motion-picture symphony.

M. Duvivier must share large credit for a memorable photoplay with his brilliant company. Marie Bell, whose acting is not too well known on this side of the Atlantic, plays the central role of Christine with such sensitive understanding and persuasion that her retracing of a vanished youth, with its disenchantment of latter-day reality, is continually absorbing. The unforgettable star of "La Kermesse Heroique," Francoise Rosay, contributes a somberly perfect portrayal of the mother of the first lad on the dance program, her mind shaken by his suicide. In the same vein of gripping tragedy is Pierre Blanchard's impersonation of the beaten, epileptic doctor, who is driven to kill his shrewish mistress after Christine has visited him.

At the other extreme is the vastly engaging and funny performance of Raimu as one of Christine's early suitors who has resigned himself to being mayor of a small town. The scene in which he marries himself to his cook and recites a fitting tribute to himself on the occasion is instinct with laughter. Then there is Harry Baur giving a restrained, passionate portrayal of the pianist who turned monk to forget Christine; Louis Jouvet, lending his angular grace to the part of the crooked night club owner, who had once been an aspiring lawyer; Fernandel, as the card-trick-playing hair-dresser who takes Christine back to the disillusioning reality of that first ball; Pierre-Richard Willm, as the Alpine guide who almost recaptures youth with her, and Robert Lynen, much older than he was in "Poil de Carotte," who brings the cycle of the narrative to a splendid resolution.

One film has rarely had such perfect acting as has gone into "Life Dances On." It is still M. Duvivier who has wrought it in a memorable motion-picture form. He has directed each sequence with an unerring sense of its inherent mood, craftsmanship to make a vivid pictorial and dramatic continuity. From the elegant waltz in slow motion, which Christine recalls before she starts on her strange journey into the past, to the tawdry reality of the dance hall which she finds as it was and still is in a small provincial town, he has used every inflection of the camera to record his story. During the early sections one may question the fact that one beautiful young girl could bulk so large in the lives of the men she danced with at her first ball, but even this hurdle is triumphantly cleared before the ending. He has not followed a conventional outline in "Life Dances On," but he has filmed it so brilliantly and it is so knowingly acted that it becomes one of the major screen offerings of recent seasons.

memorable photoplay

perfect acting

DAILY MIRROR
March 28, 1938
By HUGO GEORGE ROBOZ
Foreign Editor, Daily Mirror

A high achievement of craftsmanship, no matter from what angle we view it, is the French "Life Dances On." Written with forceful ingenuity and directed in an original, very effective way, its main strength is still in the tremendous vitality of the cast. It is much more than just well-polished routine, it is the high dramatic skill, the explosive fervor of the actors which carries the picture through with flying colors. Throbbing with true life, absorbing and picturesque, the newcomer at the Belmont is surely a distinctive addition to New York's movie curriculum. And that includes even Hollywood's best.

High achievement

EXCEPTIONAL PHOTOPLAYS AWARD
by
NATIONAL BOARD OF REVIEW

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1938.

THE SCREEN

'Un Carnet de Bal' Impressive at Belmont—Shirley Temple Seen in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm'

By FRANK S. NUGENT

Although we have learned to take these Continental prize-winners with a heaping measure of salt, "Un Carnet de Bal," voted the world's best picture at the Venice Biennial Film Exposition last year, actually lives up to the extravagant claims made for it abroad and wins another sponsor here. A brilliant mosaic of drama and comedy, it bears the stamp of master craftsmanship across its surface and deep within its heart. It has been superbly written, unerringly directed, magnificently played—that last above all.

If you might go to the Belmont before, you will not suspect it to be convinced that Hollywood has no monopoly on the world's talent. It hasn't Françoise Rosay, nor Louis Jouvet, nor Harry Baur, nor Marie Bell, nor Pierre Blanchar, nor Raimu, nor—so far as we know—any of the other French players who form the picture's extraordinary panel. Recently, though, it did acquire Julien Duvivier, who wrote and directed "Dance Program" (or "Life Dances On," as the Belmont is translating it), and we wonder how he will fare. In fact, we're a bit worried.

For, on the evidence of "Carnet de Bal," Duvivier hasn't the Hollywood point of view at all. His heroine is a woman of 35, newly bereft of a husband she doesn't particularly miss. He finds her in a silent château, burning old papers, throwing pipes and tobacco away, listlessly telling a confidant that she feels her life is finished before she has begun to live. Then a small, betassled card slips from the desk, falls to the floor, is rescued and examined. It is a dance program.

It was her first ball and she was 16. She has never forgotten the ballroom, how lovely it was: the sparkling candelabra, the swirling white gowns (she thinks of them as crinoline), the waltz that was almost too beautiful, and the handsome young men who filled her card and whispered, while the music flowed over them. Well, that would love her always, that she was twenty years ago. She supposes they have changed, probably forgotten her. She supposes she has changed, too. She stands long before her mirror. "You still are beautiful, Christine," says the confidant. "Why not look them up?"

She does, but what she finds and how she finds it belongs to Duvivier and we will not betray him. In twenty years many things can happen and one cannot calmly march back through the years and keep one's memories whole. Although the laying-of-the ghosts of the dance program sings a song of disillusion, Duvivier is too perceptive a playwright to believe that life is always a tragedian. Time deepens some wounds and heals others without leaving a scar. It plays its pranks, too—a scar. It strain of comedy, not all of it bitter, beneath Christine's quest for her youth.

But comic or tragic, pathetic or horrible, cruel or gentle, Duvivier's vignettes are fascinating, vibrant with life and reality, presented with consummate dramatic skill. We'll say no more about his film than this: it goes on our ten-best list this year if we have to toss four colossals out to make room for it. And don't let the fact that the dialogue is in French keep you away; the captions and the performances tell you all you need to know.

the finest pictu

THE OBSERVER SUNDAY [illegible] 16 [illegible] 38

I think there is little doubt amongst connoisseurs to-day that film directors like Duvivier, Renoir, and Guitry, film actors like Gabin, Baur, Fernandel, Jouvet, Raimu, Blanchard, lead the world. "A film like "Carnet de Bal" is an encyclopaedia of the cinema. It makes every other film of the year look like amateur theatricals. I know that I would give, not my right hand, perhaps, but a finger or so, to have created it.

FERNANDEL

RAIMU

another sponsor

DUVIVIER

LONDON WEEKLY DIARY

of SOCIAL EVENTS (Copyright)

Monday, December 13th

FILMS OF THE WEEK

IF Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Charles Laughton, Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor and Ginger Rogers, voted the British public's eight most popular film stars in this year's Bernstein questionnaire, could be prevailed upon to co-operate in making a single film, the effect on the box-office would be catalysmic; though the resulting quality of the production would doubtless be extraordinary. Yet this in effect is what has been managed in UN CARNET DE BAL, at Studio One, and managed, moreover, with a fine discretion. Alike for those who are already fans of the French cinema, and for those who would like an introduction to it, here is the year's picture: a magnificent omnibus of eight great actors, directed by France's most acclaimed film-maker.

GOLD
FIRST INTERN
GRAND
at
VENICE
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of
ALL NA

here is the year's pic

MARY BELL

Consummate dramatic skill

8 most popular stars

re of the year..

excellent

admirably performed

NEW YORK POST, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1938

By IRENE THIRER
"LIFE DANCES ON"

From the studios of France to the Belmont Theatre on West Forty Eighth Street comes a refreshingly unusual and admirably performed picture, "Un Carnet de Bal, which is being billed in English as "Life Dances On."

Not since the memorable "Mayerling" has a French offering so impressed your reviewer as "Life Dances On," and certainly the two productions cannot be compared except in the fact that each is a superlative example of its celluloid theme and type.

It has to do with a young and comely widow who, as she is disposing of her late husband's effects, comes across the program card of her first dance which she attended when she was a wide-eyed romantic sixteen. There are the names of all her ex-beaux—each of whom had told her how beautiful and wonderful she was, and how much he loved her.

Cloaked in fond memories, she sets out to find the several men who are entered in the program; to see what life had done to them who swore undying love for her—twenty years before.

She goes with illusions and returns with regrets.

Her first suitor, she discovers, had died a suicide and his mother is strangely affected by the tragedy; the second, a lawyer-racketeer, is about to serve a prison sentence; the third, who might have been a brilliant musician, is a monk who teaches music to a boys' choir; the fourth, who would have been a great civic leader, is Mayor of the little town in which he resides and about to marry his cook; the fifth a mentally ill doctor, given to epileptic fits, broken down with the lack of confidence in himself and unnerved to the point of murdering his nagging mistress; the sixth is a jolly hairdresser, who doubles as a jolly tricks and laughs at the past. And besides these, there is also a mountain climber who prefers the hills to romance.

Photographically, the picture is a gem with an amazing feat of lopsided focus brought into the sequence at the unhappy doctor's waterfront flat. There is some exquisite scenery in outdoor shots of the film, and the musical score is vitally interesting, too.

MOVIE METER

POOR FAIR GOOD EXCELLENT

FILM WEEKLY.

Slightly over a year ago "Film Weekly" began a new policy of reviewing the Continental films shown in London.

The response has most gratifyingly proved us right. A steady stream of letters flows into this office thanking us for pointing out such fine films as "UN CARNET DE BAL," which readers would have missed without our recommendation.

WHAT'S ON.

If we had to pick out the best six films of 1937 we shouldn't feel very happy about our task. But it had to be done here's the list we should offer: *Lost Horizon*, *The Good Earth*, *A Star is Born*, *They Won't Forget*, *Marie Walewaska*, and "UN CARNET DE BAL."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST.

Among recent film successes shown in London is "CARNET DE BAL," a French production directed by Julien Duvivier. The Press are unanimous in their praise, and foremost critics all announce "Here is the finest picture of the year."

REYNOLDS NEWS.

You must see "UN CARNET DE BAL." If you cannot visit Studio One, Oxford Circus, where it is on for the Christmas season, bully your local house into giving it a show.

I cannot imagine any intelligent cinema-goer failing to enjoy it.

In fact, if Balzac had lived to write screen plays and direct them, he would have made such a picture as this. And he would have gloried in his actors.

DAILY EXPRESS.

The quality of the alternating pathos, comedy, horror, and irony of its acting and direction makes it one of the great pictures of this or any other year.

FILM WEEKLY

On the recommendation of "Film Weekly" I went to see "UN CARNET DE BAL." I expected a wonderful film, but it was beyond anything I had ever imagined. Every filmgoer should see it, if only to realise that even the best film Hollywood made is not the ultimate peak of perfection. Hollywood could be done about showing foreign films in provincial towns.

NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM

By WILLIAM BOEHNEL

It is a film of disenchantment, often bitter and ironic, savage and cruel, but it is brilliantly told and studded with joyous humor and superb characterization.

The Sketch

A tale of disenchantment. If you will, nostalgic and cynical—even, in one episode, violent—but beautifully told and often touched with delicious humour. It is impossible to differentiate between the work of the director, the writers, and the players. They are inseparably united in welding this lovely piece into a perfect whole. A star-cast, in which Marie Bell, Françoise Rosay, Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet, Pierre Blanchar, Raimu, Fernandel and young Robert Lynen (shot up to tall, slim adolescence) are conspicuous, carries each chapter to the heights of screen entertainment, each member contributing in equal measure to a picture that—I say it without hesitation—must be seen.

PIERRE BLANCHAR

refreshingly unusual

must be seen...

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NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 1938

THE SCREEN

By HOWARD BARNES

"Life Dances On"—A Great French Film

ANOTHER great film has come out of France. You will be denying yourself a heart-shaking emotional experience, a fascinating study of screen craftsmanship and a tremendously entertaining show if you fail to see "Life Dances On" at the Belmont Theater. It has been magnificently directed by Julien Duvivier, who made the memorable "Poil de Carotte." It is performed by as fine a company of actors and actresses as I have ever seen assembled in one motion picture. Cutting to the heart of human existence in a series of contrasting episodes, it demonstrates a breadth and power of dramatic attack which one does not usually associate with the cinema. In short, "Life Dances On" is not only a splendid French motion picture but it belongs in that small group of screen offerings which we like to think may be enduring. I can only say that I would not dream of comparing "Life Dances On" with anything less than "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," "Captains Courageous" or "The Life of Emile Zola."

It is just about the most versatile and knowing piece of direction I have ever seen. Starting in a key of high nostalgic romance as the restless, lonely widow recalls her first ball, he moves inexorably through to the disenchantment of reality, picking up one compelling dramatic fragment after another as he has gone. The remembered ball, in slow-motion, is a bit of film sorcery to haunt you; the savage, tilted shots of the epileptic doctor's tragedy are terrifying and the unstressed tawdriness of the ball-room as she finds it again could only have been conceived and projected through a compassionate understanding of human frailty.

The acting in the film is so superb that it is apt to make one believe that it is the playing alone that makes it so outstanding. There is the brilliant star of "La Kermesse Heroique." Francoise Rosay, giving a poignant portrayal of the insane mother of the boy, whose unrequited love for the heroine drove him to suicide. Pierre Blanchar makes a memorably tragic figure of the beaten doctor; Harry Baur plays a brilliant musician turned monk with passionate austerity; Raimu is enormously and persuasively funny as the mayor; Louis Jouvet is perfect as a law student who has become a crooked bistro proprietor, and Fernandel guides the widow into the disillusionment of a past really rediscovered with a magnificent impersonation of a hair-dresser. Meanwhile Marie Bell, in the all-important central role, brings beauty and power to the part. It would be hard to find better screen acting than there is in "Life Dances On." It would be still harder to find better direction. Perhaps you have gained the impression that I think highly of this French film. If so, you are utterly right.

this year and the next...

rare feast for filmgoers

FRENCH TRIUMPH

ABOUT once a year a foreign film turns up which is good enough to leap the language barrier and become a popular success.

Last year it was *La Kermesse Héroique*, running seven months at Studio One. This year, and next, it is going to be *Un Carnet de Bal*, also at Studio One now.

Its bitter-sweet appeal may not last as long as the gay mischief of its predecessor. It may last longer, because never, even in Hollywood's most lavish all-star moments, have so many incomparably excellent performances been gathered together in one film.

FRENCH films have long been stamped by superior acting. This one offers seven of the finest French stars we already know, and one newcomer, Marie Bell, who is their equal. There are Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet from *La Kermesse Héroique*; Harry Baur and Pierre Blanchar of *Crime et Châtiment*; Raimu of *Ces Messieurs de la Santé*; Fernandel of *The Virtuous Isidore*; and even Robert Lynen, boy star of *Poil de Carotte*, now adolescing gawkily out of his Eton jacket.

TYPE-CASTING has always seemed to be the particular genius of French film acting.

The shopkeepers, *midinettes*, politicians and *concierges*, have a realism which leads one to believe that French directors comb the country for real-life types.

What astonishes in a film like this one and proves something or other about film acting is that the same stars turn up in totally different parts, with exactly the same uncanny realism.

FRANCOISE ROSAY in *La Kermesse Héroique* seemed a typical comedienne of the classic, rather broad, French school.

Here she is statuesquely repressed, the mad mother of a suicide. One feels she could never be anything but a French *maman*, inseparable from her musty black wool cardigan.

Harry Baur plays powerful Jannings characters with more naturalism than Jannings. His charming monk has a placid sanctity which suggests that the casting director raided a monastery.

HARRY BAUR

RAIMU and Jouvet are others whose fat and lean comic personalities take on new colours and fit perfectly into the pattern.

The film itself is a novelty worth seeing, as you can read in the review pages. But the acting makes it a rare feast for filmgoers.

One more of the stars must be mentioned: the director, Julien Duvivier, best known here for his virile direction of the bandit story, *Pépé le Moko*.

HE has treated this almost fantastic, sentimental journey with a delicacy as different as possible from his former vigorous methods.

Duvivier, as I reported, has gone to Hollywood. I hear that his first film there will probably be a remake of *Pépé le Moko*.

It seems a pity not to let him make an original contribution to the international cinema, instead of a carbon copy of his own work. But *Un Carnet de Bal* explains why Hollywood is doing its best to acquire all the talent of the French cinema.

FRANCOISE ROSAY

Louis Jouvet

read this

You know her...

from "MAYERLING" and her recent American picture "THE RAGE OF PARIS"

wait

till you see her in
HER TWO BIGGEST PRODUCTIONS
made in Europe
since " MAYERLING "

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

She is simply wonderful..

Abus de confi

ance

WITH

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

DIRECTED BY HENRY DECOIN
FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY BY PIERRE WOLF
ADAPTATION BY JEAN BOYER

WITH

CHARLES VANEL

AND

JEAN WORMS
YVETTE LEBON
GILBERT GIL
PIERRE MINGAND

AND

VALENTINE TESSIER

MUSIC BY GEORGES VAN PARYS

A BERCHOLZ PRODUCTION

THE story has something of the disturbing theme of "Crime and Punishment", but is treated in a much lighter tone, with none of the self-inflicted passionate suffering which Dostoiewsky makes his hero endure.

Is a young girl excusable for abusing someone's confidence if she has been forced to abandon her studies by adverse circumstances, has met only with rebuke and doubtful proposals when trying to find work with which to live decently, and if she is convinced that she is gifted enough to become a great lawyer and thus atone for her deception ?

Left alone in a none-too-easy life for a young student without means, Lydia is prompted by her misery to make use of an album found in an antique shop; this is the diary of a chorus girl who had died twenty years earlier after the birth of a child whose father was the now well-known historian Ferney. The latter has long since forgotten the past, but believing that Lydia really is the daughter of the girl he loved in his youth, he confesses the whole story to his wife, a beautiful and intelligent woman who welcomes Lydia into her home and tries to make up to her for

the years of hardship. Lydia takes up her studies again and becomes a lawyer. Happy in her life at the Ferneys', she scarcely remembers what treachery brought her there.

But having one day to plead the cause of a young girl of eighteen guilty of an abuse of confidence, Lydia, in defending her, pleads her own cause — and does so with such passion that the girl is acquitted. Ferney is very proud of his daughter, but his wife, suspecting the truth, finds Lydia preparing to leave their home where she feels she no longer has a right to be. It is the generous older woman who understands and forgives, explaining to Lydia that it is too late to leave now that they all love her, and that such a flight would break the heart of Ferney when he learned the truth.

So Lydia accepts her destiny, she will stay with them, and become the wife of the historian's young secretary whose affection she has long returned.

Thus this absorbing psychological theme, in which the modern problem of a woman's career is added to the age-old question of right and wrong is solved by indulgent understanding and kindness.

"Port-Art

hur"

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

AND

ANTON WALBROOK

AND

CHARLES VANEL

IN A FILM BY

NICOLAS FARKAS

FROM A NOVEL BY PIERRE FRONDAIE
ADAPTED BY HENRY DECOIN
DIALOGUE BY STEVE PASSEUR

WITH

JEAN MAX

AND

JEAN WORMS

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR PIERRE O'CONNELL

A PRODUCTION F.C.L.

The name of this Russian port on the Pacific is present in everyone's memory since the terrible battle and eleven-months siege it endured in 1904, when Japan attacked it by surprise in the hope of taking it away from Russia.

The horrible tragedy that the population of Port-Arthur had to suffer is retraced in the picture amid huge battle scenes which take place either in the town itself or at sea where great ships of both nations are sunk like small yachts. The tragedy was most bitter for those who had in their veins the blood of both races, now become fierce enemies. Torn between love and duty, and not always clear as to where the latter lay, too close to both races to wish either victorious, many found death a relief.

Such was the case of Youki, the young and lovely wife of a Russian naval captain. Her mother, widow of a Japanese diplomat, had made a second marriage with a Russian nobleman. Youki was the child of this union while her brother, born of the first marriage, was a full-blooded Japanese.

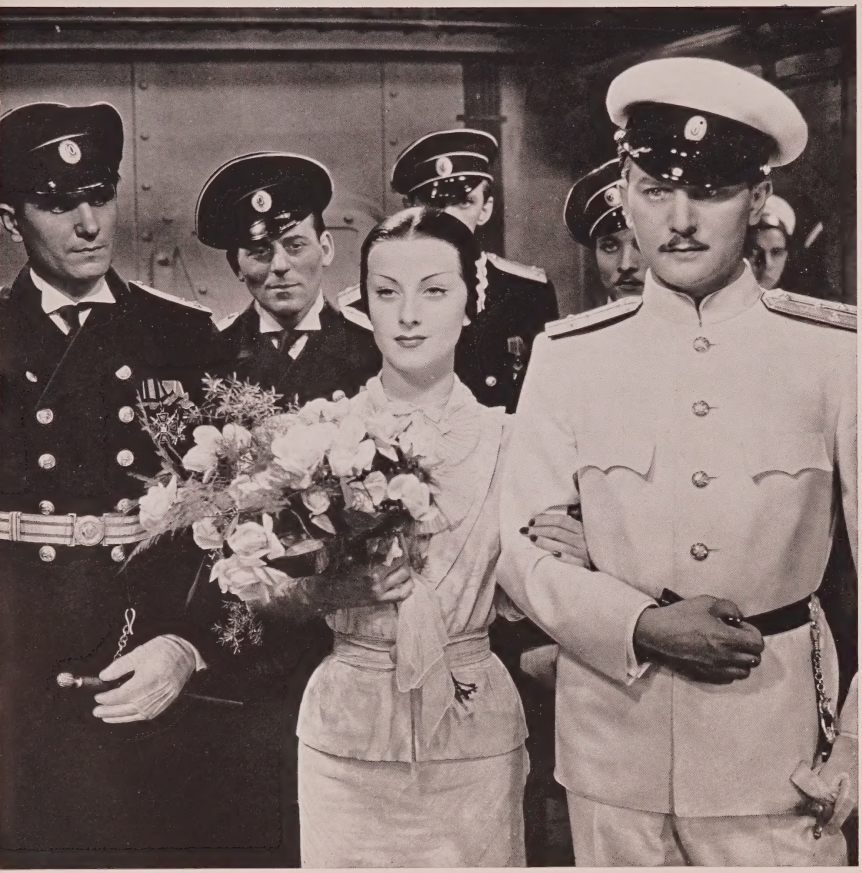
The mother, however, loyal to her own blood, had always felt that Youki should marry a Japanese, and indeed favored a young friend of her son's who had, by a curious fate, saved Youki's life when she was a child.

Years had passed : Youki's mother had died, — the girl herself had never felt any affection for her brother's friend. She met and married young Captain Ranewsky of the Russian Imperial Navy, despite the open resentment of her brother who remembered his mother's promise that Youki should marry a Japanese and who, moreover, hated all Russians.

As war broke over Port-Arthur, Youki found herself in the position of the thousands of inhabitants of mingled blood, and this enabled her brother to take advantage of her loyalty — for like all women Youki felt that no war could make her forget her love for her husband, nor that her brother had shared in her mother's affection. Thus, though she knew the latter to be a spy she did not denounce him. He, however, carried away by his fanaticism and savage hatred of the Russians, stole important documents from his sister's room. In mortal fear for her husband's life, Youki is obliged to confess the truth to him. Touched by her great love for him, Ranewsky promises to do everything in his power to save her brother from being executed. Instead he has him brought aboard his ship, where he is to be held prisoner until the end of the war. The brother escapes, however, and with the aid of Youki's Japanese servant, secures more documents from his sister's home.

Ranewsky, returning home after an important sea-battle, finds a sad state of affairs : his wife has been accused of treachery, on the grounds of giving important papers to the Japanese and harboring a Japanese spy, and she is to be judged and condemned without delay. Thinking that Youki lied to him from the first and mad with jealousy over the man she nursed secretly, he decides to kill her himself. He has, however, but a few minutes to take care of his own affairs, before sailing with Russian flags which he has been ordered to save from the enemy; and he brings her to his ship.

There he learns from her brother, once more taken prisoner, and repenting in the face of death, that Youki



is innocent. It was the brother himself who took advantage of her sentiments, because he was furious that she had preferred the Russian side, and as for the man she nursed, it was the old friend who had saved her life when she was a child and whom she should have married according to her mother's wish.

Too late Ranewsky understands that Youki's only fault has been too much love for him. The ship is putting out to sea and she must stay aboard although Ranewsky knows that they will have to sink the ship so that the flags do not fall into Japanese hands — so they will die together, forever united in their love.

The reconstitution of the great Russian stronghold is a veritable masterpiece. The picture holds the imagination as much by the power of the human sentiments involved as by the grandiose spectacles provided by the land and sea battles.

To this elaborate presentation has been added a cast of exceptional value. At its head are beautiful Danielle Darrieux in the role of Youki; Anton Wallbrook, in the role of the Russian Captain Ranewsky; and Jean Max, as the sinister and finally repentant Japanese brother, not to forget Charles Vanel who gives an extraordinary performance as Ranewsky's chief officer.

You have seen

The Greatest French Actor of His Type

JEAN GABIN

in

PÉPÉ-LE-MOKO

We will soon give you

A Super-Production SIGMA-FROGERAIS

Directed by

MARCEL CARNÉ

To be produced in France in Autumn 1938 READY FOR EARLY SPRING RELEASE

"the Runaways of Saint-

ERICH VON STROHEIM
MICHEL SIMON
ARMAND BERNARD

IN A FILM BY
CHRISTIAN JAQUE

FROM A NOVEL BY PIERRE VERY
ADAPTED BY J. H. BLANCHON

WITH
AIMÉ CLARIOND

AND

SERGE GRAVE
CLAUDIO
MARCEL MOULOUDJI
JEAN BUQUET
PIERRE LABRY
JACQUES DERIVES

AND

R. LE VIGAN

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR FRANÇOIS CARRON
MUSIC BY H. VERDUN

Agil"

A sprightly tale of adventures in a boys' boarding-school. The characters are as fictitious as is the school itself, but in this strange story and in the atmosphere of this strange boarding-school there is such life, such savage observation mingled with the fancy of the story-teller, that we do not regret that the Saint-Agil school be more picturesque than recommendable.

And how should not extraordinary things happen to these collegians who have formed a secret society with a view to far-away flight !

After the fantastic disappearance of two members of this highly improbable and yet so true boarding-school and the mysterious death of an alcoholic drawing-master, it takes a curious professor of English, impersonated by Erich von Stroheim, to help our young head-member of the secret club to solve the mystery of Saint-Agil.

Children have the main part in the picture and in spite of the talent of the grown-up actors, it is they who make it so exceptionally interesting.

"the Chess

FRANÇOISE ROSAY

Player"

FRANÇOISE ROSAY
AND
CONRAD VEIDT

IN A FILM BY

JEAN DREVILLE

FROM THE NOVEL BY H. DUPUY-MAZUEL
DIALOGUES BY A. D. DODERET, R. VITRAC
AND
BERNARD ZIMMER
(FOR THE ROSAY SCENES)

WITH

MICHELINE FRANCEY
EDMONDE GUY
BERNARD LANCRET
PAUL CAMBO
GASTON MODOT
JACQUES GRETILLAT
TEMERSON

MUSICAL SCORE BY JEAN LENOIR
SET DRESSINGS BY L. AGUETTAND
COSTUMS DESIGNED BY G. K. BENDA

A VEGA PRODUCTION

This is the weird story of an Austrian baron who lived in Poland among the fantastic creatures he had himself created, and whose extraordinary reputation was the talk of the 18th century European courts.

"The Chess Player" centers around the strange personality of the Baron von Kempelen, an ironical misanthrope who had so little faith in mankind that he chose to live among the hallucinating mechanical creatures born of his own imagination and gifted hands; he had even made a life-size model of the woman he had loved, and he thought that future wars would be fought by mechanical soldiers.

The Baron von Kempelen, admirably impersonated by Conrad Veidt, lived in Vilna in 1776, and the film reconstitutes the lavishly magnificent atmosphere of the late 18th century at the Court of Catherine the Great, and at Vilna, then capital of the Kingdom of Poland.

As the tale unfolds we see how the Baron, after the triumph of his astonishing creature, "The Chess Player", over the Empress of Russia, superbly played by Françoise Rosay, becomes a victim of his love for his only son Boleslas and his passion for mechanics.

JAN AUVIGNE

"The Alibi"

LOUIS JOUVET

ERICH VON STROHEIM

DIRECTED
BY
PIERRE CHENAL

SCENARIO AND DIALOGUE
BY
MARCEL ACHARD

FEATURING
ERICH VON STROHEIM
ALBERT PREJEAN
JANY HOLT
AND
LOUIS JOUVET

A PRODUCTION B.N. FILM

URDER . . . Detectives . . . Night Clubs . . . Life, Death and Love.

Such are the elements used in the making of " THE ALIBI ", a film you will find exciting from beginning to end. Not a mystery story in the exact sense of the word, since we are initiated from the start into the secret of "Who is the murderer ?", but the absorbing question is whether he can outwit the police, whether money and fear will prevent the girl from confessing that his alibi is false, or whether, as the police believes, love will win through to the final truth.

Fate brings face to face Professor Winkler, master of occult science, and Gordon, who long ago seduced the fortune-teller's wife. Winkler deals swift death to Gordon, then returns to the night-club " FEMINA ", where he does his turn and by means of 20,000 francs persuades Hélène, a "hostess", to swear that he passed the night with her, should there be an inquiry. . Unaware of his reasons, she accepts.

Police Commissioner Calas knows of the hate between Winkler and Gordon, but when questioned the former produces Hélène and . . . his alibi.

At the " FEMINA " Hélène meets

Laurent, drunk and gay, who gives her a ring to celebrate their meeting. The ring belonged to Gordon and Laurent is arrested.

Hélène grows attached to the likeable young man, and moved by a Court scene between him and his mother, admits her false testimony for Winkler. Then she learns that Laurent belongs to the police, and that his meeting and relations with her were staged to force a confession. Disillusioned, she rushes away.

Winkler commits suicide, but his servant, to revenge him, tries to assassinate Hélène. She is convalescing when Laurent comes to her, proving that his affection goes deeper than acting a part.

Pierre Chenal has set this thrilling story of Marcel Achard in the midst of gay and luxurious scenes of night life in Paris, which form a brilliant contrast with the sordid police court episodes, and he has gathered together a remarkable cast : the great character actor Erich von Stroheim, as the mysterious and vindictive Winkler, Louis Jouvet, famous French director and actor, as Police Commissioner Calas, Albert Prejean as joyous good-looking Laurent, and Jany Holt as an intensely moving Hélène.

Altitude

JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT

JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT

IN A FILM

BY

JEAN BENOIT-LEVY

FROM THE PLAY

BY

JULIEN LUCHAIRE

WITH

FERNAND LEDOUX

AND

BLANCHETTE BRUNOY

ODETTE JOYEUX

DOLLY MOLLINGER

JACQUELINE PACAUD

JACQUELINE POREL

DINA WIERNY

MAURICE BACQUET

BERNARD BLIER

CHARLES DORAT

TONY JACQUOT

FABIEN LORIS

SAINVAL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THIRARD-LOUIS NEE — PRODUCED BY JEAN LEVY-STRAUSS — A TRANSCONTINENTAL FILMS PRODUCTION

YOUTH aspiring to a life liberated from the restrictions of crowded cities, from the terror of unemployment, from political turmoil and ungenerous passions... YOUTH seeking the free air in which it can breathe, the simple and sane work of elementary man, the joys of pure comradeship to which each brings his contribution.

Seven young men on the threshold of existence decide to break away, to go up into the mountains, and there, full of vigor and courage, create their own world. Differing from each other by social standing, financial situation and personal attributes, they have their ideals in common.

High up in the snow-clad mountains, they find a refuge, pool their resources and draw up an agreement: Men among

men — comrades among comrades. But their isolation is broken; they rescue six young girls lost in the drifts, harbor them for a night, and then admit them to their new "Republic of Youth", in which jealousy is forbidden, hate abolished, and even love outlawed.

Charming dream of the springtime of life, which holds them in thrall for a time. The unaffected, heart-warming gaiety and hopefulness of these scenes is profoundly moving. The character contrasts are particularly fine : we see the idealist argue with the realist, the individualist accept the necessary discipline of friendship, and the girls' types are equally varied.

At last these differences outweigh the sympathies. Relations become strained, and the forbidden loves and hates poison the existence of the tiny community, until there comes a brusque rupture and the "Republic of Youth" is doomed. One group installs itself in another shelter and wards off the "enemy" with barbed wire ! Finally however, the spring avalanches and the lack of food threaten them with extinc-

tion, and suddenly they find that life itself forbids their quarrels.

With a fresh enthusiasm they join forces again, poorer by an illusion, richer by an experience, and realizing that the solution is not isolation but cooperation, they joyously dig their way back to civilization.

The Utopias arisen from the dreams of young people are all crystallized in those scenes set among the dazzling magnificence of the giants of the Alps. There is nothing artificial about " ALTITUDE " — no tricky device, no complicated plot. In the splendid natural setting provided by these eternally white mountains, two Alpine cottages were built and thirteen boys and girls, actually of the ages of the characters in the story, stayed for weeks 10,000 feet up in the heart of the French Alps, in winter, recreating the stirring atmosphere of this lovely tale.

The film is an inspiration to the young people of the world and to their elders, ardent with romantic love, fresh with the joyous enthusiasm of youth, and intensely moving.

30.00

EDITIONS L'ATLANTIQUE
MODEL AND DESIGNS
BY JAN AUVIGNE
PRINTED IN FRANCE